

## Chapter 343

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When Jasper finally reached the barbecue restaurant, Alyssa and her "companion" had long left. He gritted his teeth, recalling how she had been so intimately close to him in the pictures Xavier sent him.

Jasper felt like a fool at the moment. However, he couldn't shake his concern about Alyssa coming to such a place late at night for a meal. Did she not understand the concept of boundaries?

His phone suddenly rang with an unknown number.

"Yes?"

A monotonous female voice asked, "Is this Mr. Jasper Beckett?"

"Yes."

"This is the East Solana Police Bureau. What is your relation to Xavier Hall?"

Jasper's brows furrowed. "He's my secretary. What's going on?"

"Please come over to the station."

...

The night seemed to be passing by like a dream. Jasper couldn't for the life of him figure out how Xavier had gotten himself arrested by the police.

When he entered the police station, he came face to face with a man in a black leather jacket. This was the man who was with Alyssa earlier!

Cyrus carefully eyed Jasper, then sneered. "So you're Jasper Beckett? Coming to Xavier Hall's aid?"

Jasper narrowed his eyes. "What's that got to do with you?"

"Good question." Cyrus snickered. "He's in here because of me, so it's got all to do with yours truly."

"Are you doing this to get revenge?"

"Revenge?"

"Revenge on my secretary for revealing your illicit relations with Alyssa Taylor." Jasper's rage prevented him from identifying Cyrus as a police officer. All he could see was that Cyrus was a male escort.

Cyrus laughed. "How you managed to become CEO with this level of intelligence, I have no idea."

"I could say the same to you, snarking around here in the police department even though you're just a lowly escort," Jasper snapped back.

Cyrus was filled with disbelief. He couldn't comprehend what Jasper was saying. He wondered if he looked like an escort or if Jasper was projecting his own thoughts onto him.

Those well-defined abs hidden under his coat might earn him a couple of thousand

dollars in a single night!

Just then, two officers walked past. They greeted Cyrus respectfully as they did. "Chief Taylor!"

Cyrus nodded, acknowledging them.

Jasper's breathing hitched as he stared at the man in shock.

This ... this man was a police officer?

And he was a Taylor, too?

Suddenly, Jasper found the man had exceedingly familiar features.

"Cyrus! Big brother, what are you doing here?"

Jasper tensed up upon hearing that familiar voice.

How many sons did Winston Taylor have?